

YEARS SET LIGHTLY ON HIS SHOULDERS

People are accustomed to think of pioneers as old and decrepit men, but among the pioneers of Arizona there are within the 25 year limit



Our business ancestry may not run away back to Noah's time.

But—with our short twenty-four years in Phoenix, we're almost in the "Junior" old timers class.

Our public, many of them children of our earliest customers, knows in a general way that we've developed a business of statewide renown, that our wares are trustworthy, that our standard of trade morals is top notch.

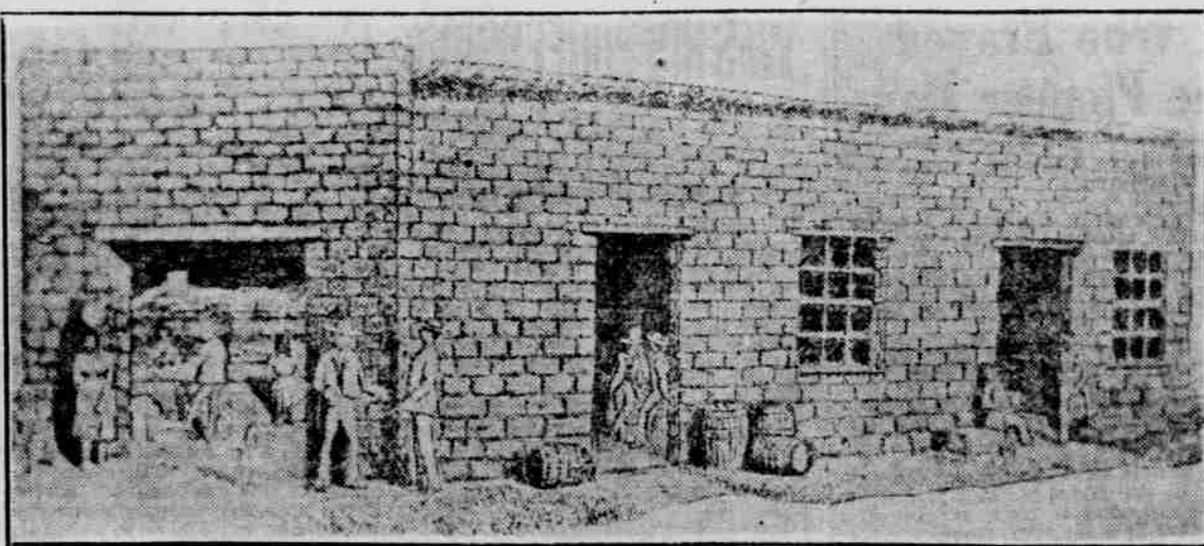
Their loyal patronage for so many years, brings a great deal of satisfaction to us, and we hope to deserve you for the many years to come.

Senior pioneers—your "junior" pioneer salutes you—today! May your visit with us be a pleasant one.

**McDOUGALL
& CASSOU**
WASHINGTON STREET

men who are yet young, as a youth—they feel young, and certainly look young. There is, for instance, V. R. Norris. There is something in the Arizona air that preserves youth. Mr. Norris was in Prescott at the time of the first great fire there in 1883. About that time the counties of Yavapai and Maricopa determined to improve the communications between them by fixing up the Black Canyon road. There was appointed as commissioner for Maricopa coun-

FIRST BUILDING BUILT IN PHOENIX



This old adobe was erected in 1871 on the site of the Valley Bank on Adams street.

ty Jim Stewart, and for Yavapai Jake Miller. Mr. Miller declined to serve and Mr. Norris was appointed in his place at the request of J. D. Cook, father of W. W. Cook. He undertook the improvement of the road from the Swilling ranch to Moore's Gulch, by the way of the original government road.

NELSON J. RILEY WAS WITH U. S. CAVALRY IN ARIZONA IN 1870

Some of the interesting experiences through which early troops in Arizona troops lived are told by Nelson J. Riley of Yuma, a member of Troop E, Eighth United States cavalry, when that military organization came to this state in 1870. His story, in part, follows:

"Late in the winter of 1870, a part of Troops E and H of the Eighth cavalry, then stationed at Fort Wingate, N. M., in charge of Major W. R. Price and Capt. A. B. Kauffman, were ordered out to Camp Apache, located on the south side of the Pinal mountains. Reports at Fort Wingate said that Indians had killed the post trader and many whites and escaped to the mountains. I believe that in those days that district was a temporary reservation. At least, it was before San Carlos was established.

"We camped at Camp Apache one night and then took the trail to the Black River canyon, then on to the Pinal mountains, where we camped on Pinal creek. We had not been in camp long before one of our scouts discovered flying from the top of a small mountain peak nearby, a flag of truce. The flag was a dirty rag tied to a small pole.

"Major Price dispatched a scout to bring in the Indian chieftain for a conference. The chief appeared and a short confab was held. He then departed and returned in a short time with nine braves. Examination showed that they were some of the same Indians who had participated in the depredations.

"Major Price ordered an elaborate meal for the Indians and after partaking heartily of the foodstuffs they told him that on the following day they would accompany him to the Indian camp in the mountains. With that understanding, soldiers and Indians made ready for the night. "When the morning dawned," Mr. Riley continues, "not an Indian was to be seen in camp, save for our

scout and guide, a Navajo, who had accompanied us into Arizona from Fort Wingate. During the night the Indians had slipped out of the camp one by one.

"We took up their trail as soon as camp could be broken. We followed it throughout the day and that night camped in the foothills at the south end of the Pinal range and near the Gila river. That night we established two posts of videttes, one on each side of camp, and on top of two hills overlooking the camp. Here occurred a little incident that might have been disastrous to our party if I had been as sleepy as the rest of the guard. I was in charge of the three sentries. We were about a quarter of a mile from camp, and we piled up some rocks so as to make a wall about two feet high. We secreted ourselves behind this wall to shield us from marauding Indians. We had agreed to stand watch in two hour shifts.

"For hours we talked of the happenings of the day. After again cautioning the men against sleeping on watch and the dangers on all sides, we turned in for the night, leaving one man on guard. "I was finally awakened by a strange noise. I could not tell what it was and, looking around a bit to get my bearings, I noticed my two companions sound asleep by my side. Then I peered out over the wall. Not over 30 feet in front of us stood the tallest Indians I have ever seen. A perfect silhouette was afforded me, for he stood in the direct rays of a bright moon, about three hours high. He held a long spear in one hand and a bow and arrow in the other. "I dropped back and grabbed my carbine. As I did so the boys then jumped to their feet. When I again peered out over the wall, gun to my shoulder and ready to fire, the Indian was gone.

"There was no more sleep that night for our little party. As soon as it got light enough in the morning, two of us slipped over the hill to a big wash and very sandy. Hundreds of tracks were plainly visible on the sands. We immediately returned to camp and reported the incident to the commanding officer. Pursuit of the Indians continued again that day," he concluded.

ANDREW KOZIK WAS EARLY PROSPECTOR

Andrew Kozik, now a resident of Wickenburg, is one of the veteran prospectors of the state. He came to Arizona from Colorado in 1873, reaching Prescott March 20, of that year.

Early in April of that year Kozik and Henry Wickenburg set out across the Yuma desert to prospect for a rich gold mine. Wickenburg had discovered in 1862. For two months they remained in the field without success and were finally obliged to give up the task because of thirst.

For two days and two nights, Kozik writes, the two prospectors were without food or drink, save the little moisture they secured from the cacti and night blooming cactus. In 1884, Kozik went into the south-

A. F. BANTA ONCE WAS TIED TO STAKE TO BE BURNED BY INDIANS

The following amusing account of an incident that might have ended tragically was written by A. F. Banta of Prescott, who has a statewide reputation for his knowledge of Indian life and lore.

My first acquaintance with the Coyotero Apaches was in 1865. Escapah, the chief, received permission from Gen. James H. Carleton to return to his people from the Navajo reservation where they were then living, to their own country, which was known as Apacheria. When they returned to Apacheria I put in my time between this tribe and the Zunis.

The fierce Pinalis claimed the country west of Cl-bi-coo as far as the Sierra Pintado. Bah-dah-clah-nah was chief and his band numbered 500 souls. The Coyoteros numbered only 28 warriors including the chief. In the summer of 1869 I crossed over the boundary line into the country of the Pinalis, and coming in sight of a rancheria, I walked boldly into camp.

The attitude of the savages was cool and not a bit cordial, and I knew that it would not do to show any distrust or to try to get away. It so happened that on that very evening a large party of warriors returned from the rancheria and it seems that they had had a brush with the troops somewhere to the southward and had lost several men. Naturally they were not in a good humor, at least as far as the whites were concerned.

That night a majority decided to burn me at the stake in revenge for their losses. Although I was unaware of the feeling against me, I hoped that my known connections with the Coyoteros would pull me through the difficulty. The following morning, however, I was seized and bound to a green pinon tree with both arms tied by my side. While the old women were gathering dry sticks for the forthcoming barbecue, a young buck with a lance displayed his agility by jumping forward and backward while making vicious jabs at my body with the lance, thrusting it between my body and arms. This sort of monkey business did not deceive me a little bit, for I knew it was done to frighten me, with the intention of killing me. To kill me would have put an end to the proposed festivities.

Now I am so constituted that I cannot help laughing at anything of a humorous or ridiculous nature, no matter what the circumstances may be. It so happened that the young buck jumped backward at the precise moment when an old woman stooped forward to pick up a stick.

Eastern part of the state with Sam Hall, where they prospected for several months in the Santa Catalina mountains. They were finally driven from the mountains by Genorimo and his band.

SALT RIVER VALLEY RICH IN SPIRIT OF 'GREAT OUTDOORS'

The Salt River valley was rich in the spirit of the "great outdoors" during the early stages of its development. Mrs. Clara Wilby Meyer, 36 years a resident of the valley, declared recently. An interesting story of her experiences in Arizona follows.

I arrived with my parents at Maricopa, October 19, 1884, then a child of 7 years. We were met at the station by our uncle, John Lutgerding. We traveled the remainder of the night in a big wagon, drawn by four horses, and arrived at our uncle's ranch west of Phoenix about 9 o'clock the next morning.

"We stayed there for a few weeks and then moved to what is now known as the Cook and Laird ranch. As land was at that time open for settlement, father homesteaded a place across from the ranch mentioned, where we lived for several years.

The ranches were unfenced with the exception of a small pasture here and there. The country had been surveyed and the sections were all laid out. Along the roadside were sagebrushes and water-moieties as high as a man on horseback, while the ground was covered with all kinds of wild flowers.

"In those days there was plenty of game. The roadsides and woods were alive with quail, jack rabbits and cottontails. Wild duck and geese were very plentiful and sometimes deer would come in on the ranches. At night, one could hear the weird bark of the coyote coming from all directions.

"After the harvest seasons were over the Indians would go on rabbit hunts. Sometimes there would be as many as two or three hundred of them, with feathers in their hair, on horseback, and strung out to cover a distance of about five miles headed for a large grain field. When they reached the field they would form into two groups. One group would go into the thickets and drive out the rabbits, while the other group stayed in the open to kill the rabbits with bows and arrows as they came out of the brush. "The water system was owned by the ranchers. They built their own canals and when the time came to clean it each rancher would send men and horses to do his share. If

The Indian fell, knocking the old woman down and thwacking the ground with his lance. This so incensed the old woman that she turned loose on him and "bawled him out" in first class style. The young fellow gathered himself together and slunk away from the stream of vituperation that followed him. His stunt having ended in such a ridiculous manner I began to laugh, and in a few minutes the warriors, having also seen the absurd side of the affair, also began to laugh. At this the old woman became hotter than ever. She turned, shook her fist at me and the laughing warriors, and then threw her bundle of sticks to the ground and left in a huff.

After a few words between the chief and his men he came to me and saying "En-ju chahman," he cut the cords and I was free.

Indians have some sense of humor, but not a particle of romance. If

he did not send help, he paid in some other way.

"The schools then were very different from the present day system. Our school house was made of 12 inch boards with laths nailed over the cracks to keep the weather out. The pupils sat on rows of benches around the room, using the wall for a back rest. The teacher was for-

tunate enough to have a homemade desk.

"There were eight of us in the family. Death has called father, mother and two younger brothers, while the two older brothers, my sister and myself still reside in or near Phoenix.

"My first purchase in Phoenix was a ball of candied popcorn, brought

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